

ALFAQO'S

# Atomic MOUSE



10¢ NO. 2  
CDC







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



AL FAGO'S

# ATOMIC MOUSE

ENCLOSED FIND \$1.00 FOR MY SUBSCRIPTION.  
PLEASE SEND ATOMIC MOUSE TO.....

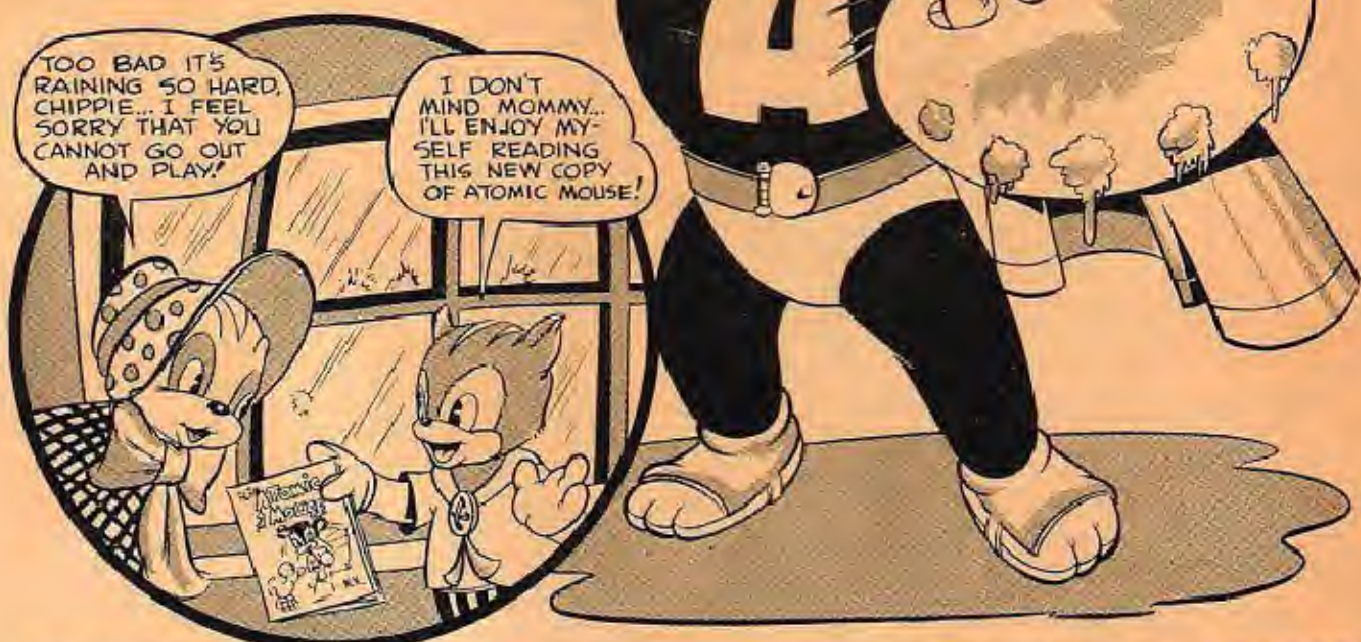
NAME.....

STREET AND  
NUMBER.....

CITY..... STATE.....

TWELVE ISSUES FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

Look! ONLY ONE  
DOLLAR  
FOR TWO YEARS...  
JUST SIGN HIS OR HER  
NAME TO THIS SUBSCRIPTION  
BLANK AND I WILL  
VISIT THEM REGULARLY!



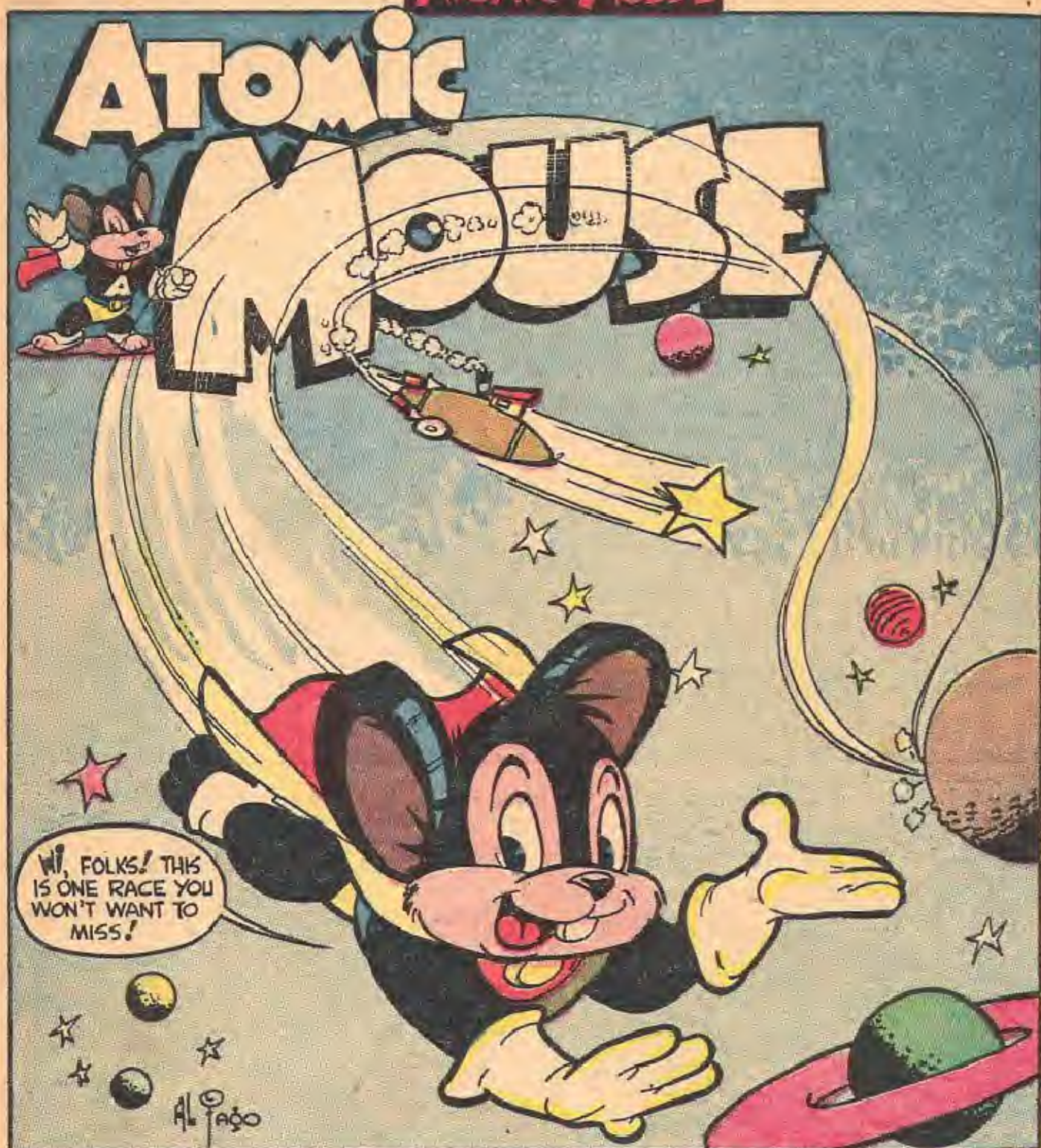
NOW  
FOLKS!  
BELIEVE IT!  
OR NOT!

WE ARE GIVING AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE THE ORIGINAL LARGE DRAWING, 12 X 18 INCHES OF THE BEAUTIFUL UNDERWATER SCENE WITH ATOMIC MOUSE WHICH APPEARS ON THE BACK COVER OF THIS BOOK, SIGNED BY THE ARTIST AL FAGO... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO WIN IS TO WRITE AND LET US KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LIKE ATOMIC MOUSE... OF COURSE, THE BEST LETTER WINS! PLUS... FOR THE FIRST TEN CORRECT ANSWERS ON HOW MANY TIMES THE WORDS ATOMIC MOUSE APPEAR ANYWHERE IN THIS BOOK WE WILL SEND YOU A CRISP NEW ONE DOLLAR BILL... SO HURRY... SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO AL FAGO, EDITOR 400 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

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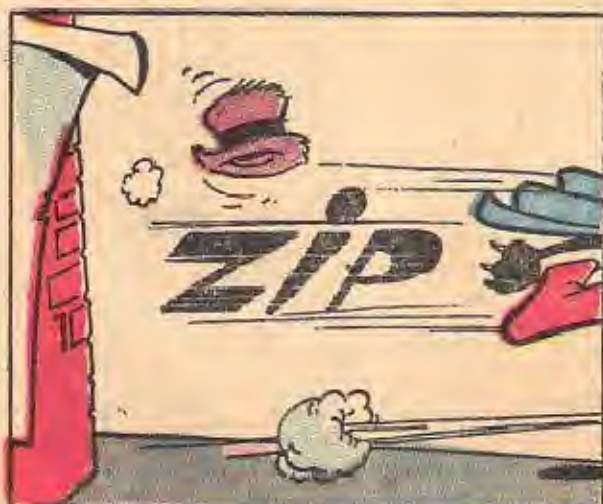


# ATOMIC MOUSE





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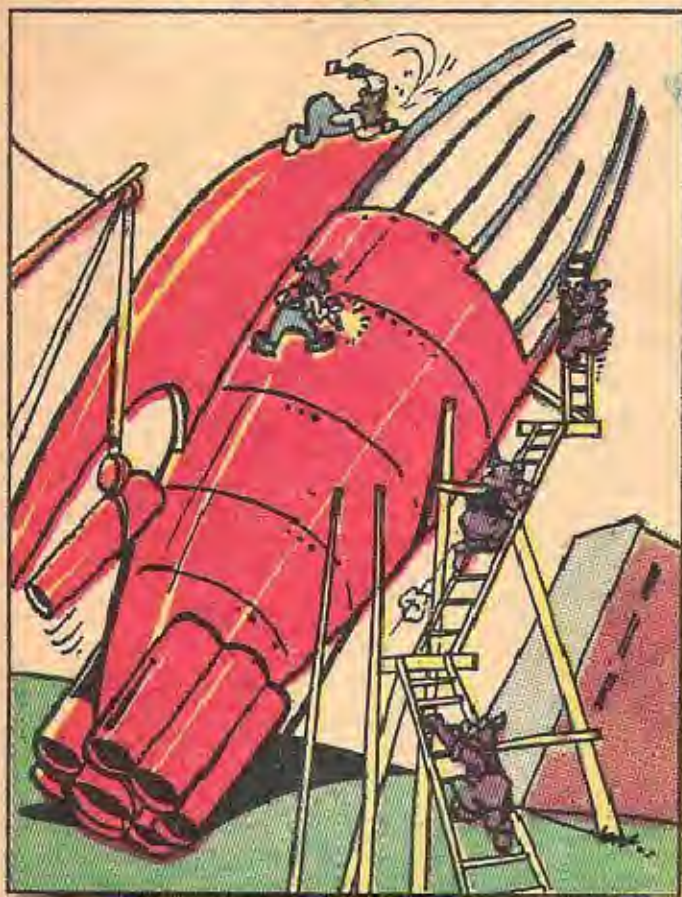




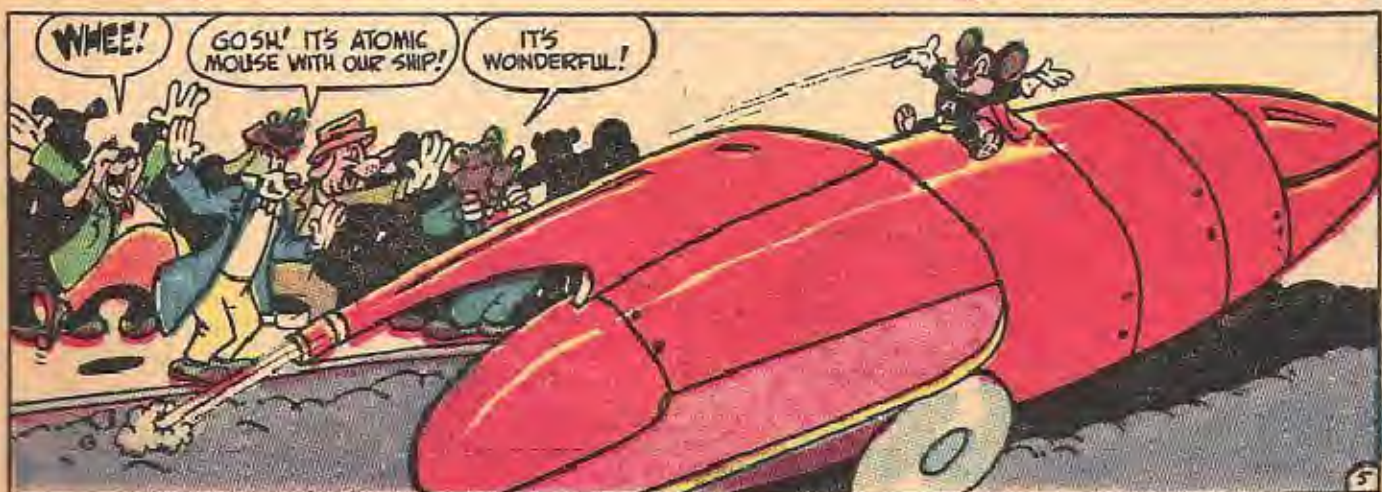
# ATOMIC MOUSE

AND SO THE RACE AGAINST TIME IS STARTED! WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO FINISH HIS SHIP?? WE TAKE YOU TO ATOMIC MOUSE'S SHIP... AND...

BUT COUNT GATTO'S SECRET HIDEOUT HIS SHIP IS NEARING COMPLETION...



AS THE CROWDS LINE THE STREET FOR THE GREAT EVENT, ANXIETY GROWS...

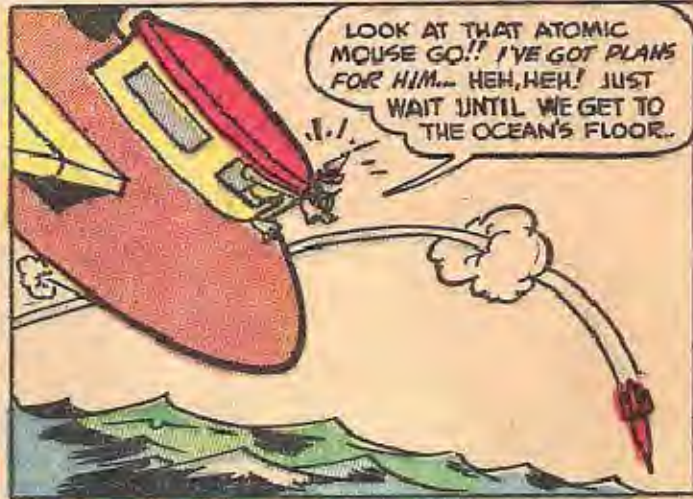




# ATOMIC MOUSE



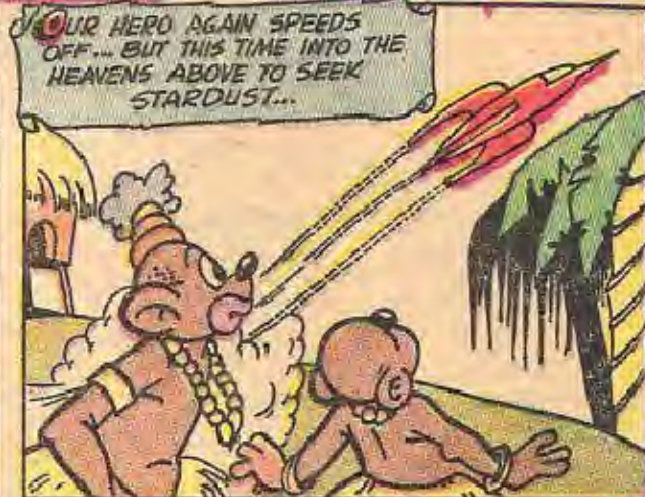
COUNT GATTO IS ALREADY PLANNING FOUL PLAY... AS ATOMIC MOUSE GETS OFF TO A FAST START...





# Atomic Mouse

OF COURSE OUR HERO GETS TO AFRICA'S DARKEST FORESTS... FOR ONLY THERE A FLOWER THAT CONTAINS THE RARE POLLEN COULD EXIST...



AGAIN ATOMIC MOUSE'S SHIP PROVED MUCH FASTER THAN COUNT GATTO'S. BUT CAN HE KEEP AHEAD OF THE COUNT...



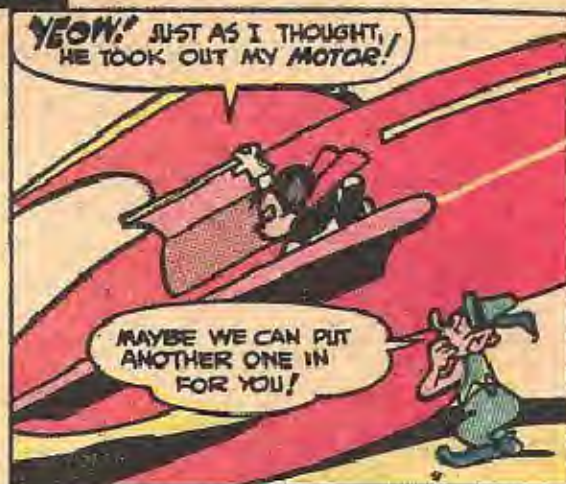
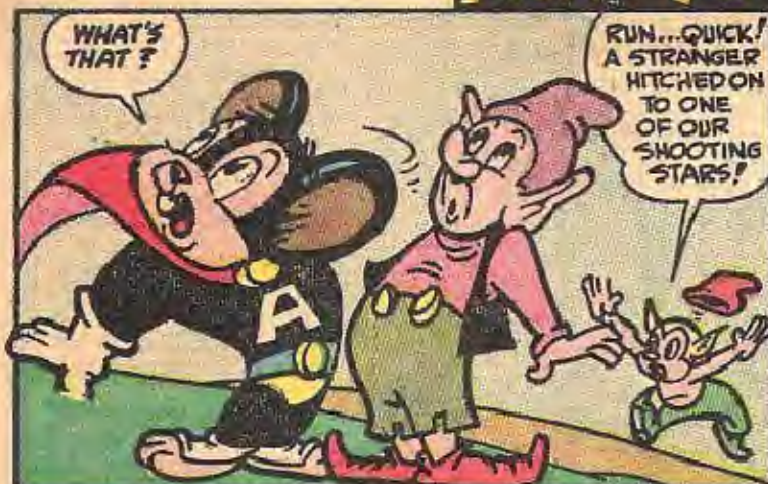


# ATOMIC MOUSE





# ATOMIC MOUSE

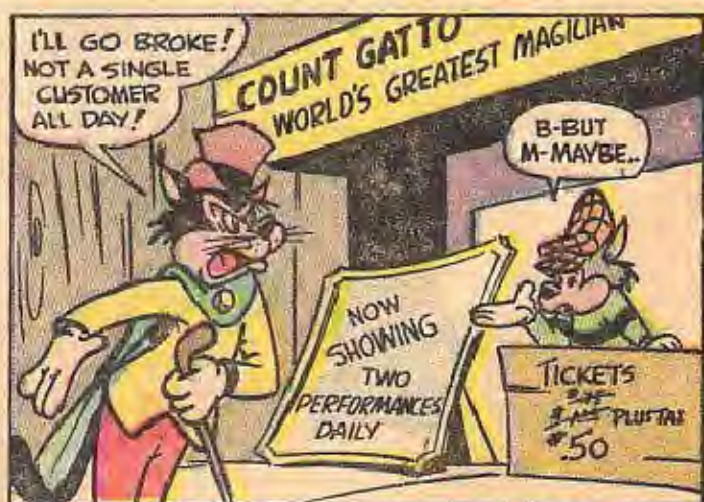
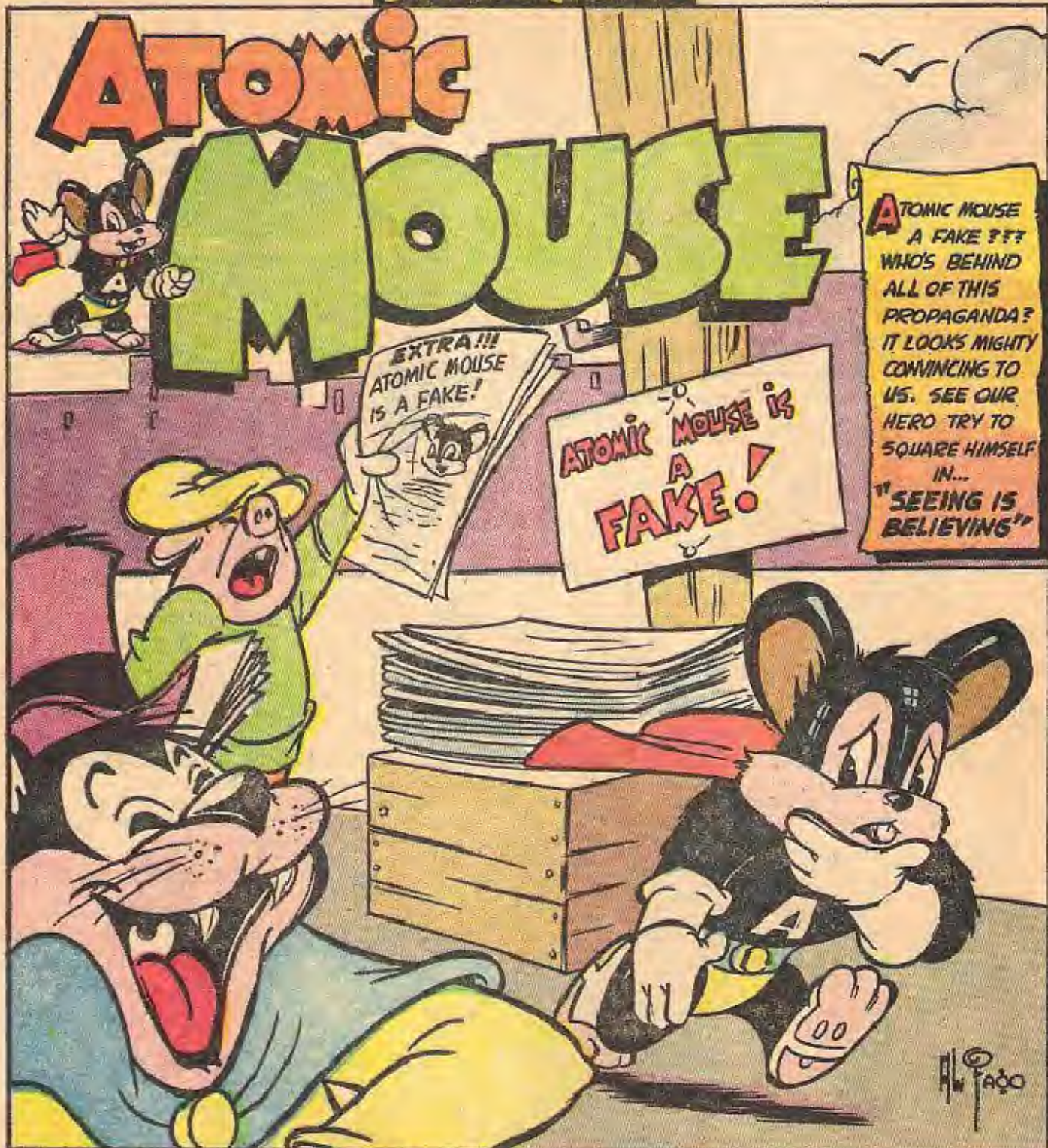


BACK AGAIN ON EARTH, ATOMIC MOUSE LANDS HIS SHIP SAFELY AND IS IMMEDIATELY DECLARED WINNER...



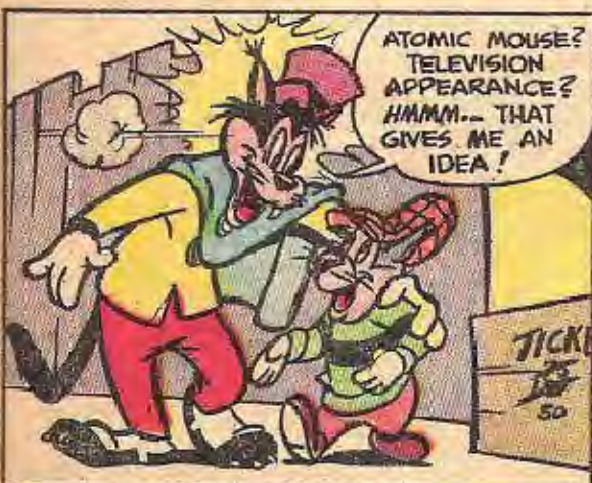


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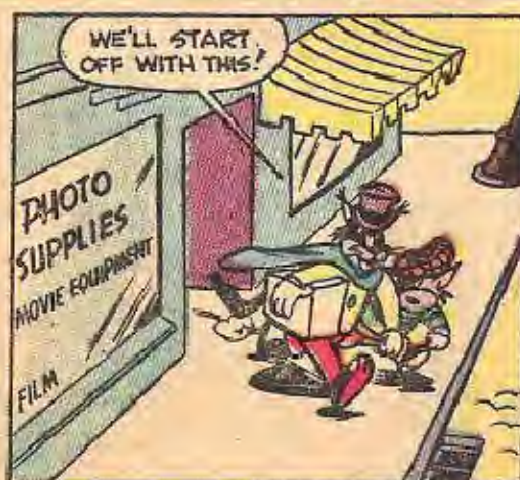




# ATOMIC MOUSE



JUST WHAT IS COUNT GATTO UP TO NOW? HAS HE GONE IN FOR A NEW HOBBY... IF HE HAS WILL IT BE AT THE EXPENSE OF OUR FRIEND ATOMIC MOUSE?..





# ATOMIC MOUSE



AND SO COUNT GATTO, WORKING DAY AND NIGHT PRODUCES MOVIES... JUST WHAT IS BEHIND ALL THIS ACTIVITY?...



NOW LET'S GO BACK TO ATOMIC MOUSE'S TELEVISION APPEARANCE... ALL MOUSEVILLE IS EAGERLY AWAITING TO SEE THEIR HERO ON THE SCREEN...





# ATOMIC MOUSE

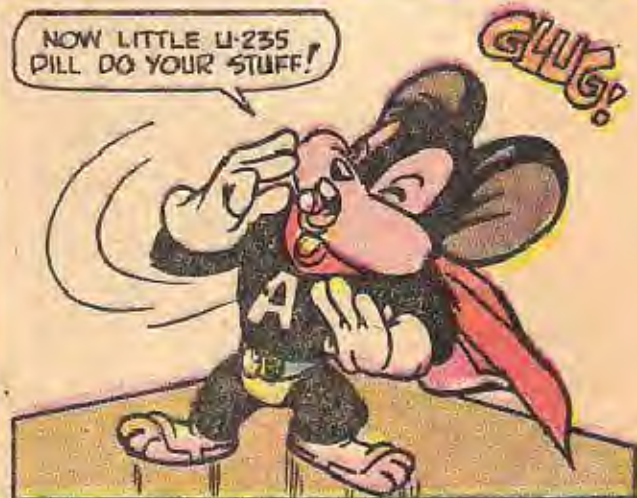


**B**UT AGAIN, THIS IS WHAT ACTUALLY CAME OVER THE AIRWAVES...



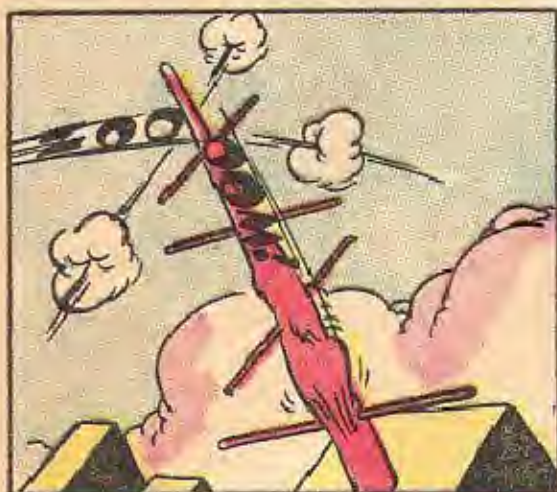


# ATOMIC MOUSE





# ATOMIC MOUSE





# ATOMIC MOUSE

AND SO...

OH, LOOK! THERE ARE TWO ATOMIC MICE!



THEN ALL THOSE PICTURES WE SAW ABOUT BANK ROBBERIES WERE FAKE!!!



HE'S STILL OUR HERO!



AND TO THINK WE DOUBTED ATOMIC MOUSE!

I'LL TAKE THESE TWO CHARACTERS WHERE THEY BELONG!



HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY THIS TRIP!



YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!



I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM AGAIN!



ATOMIC MOUSE, WHEN WILL YOUR NEXT SHOW BE?



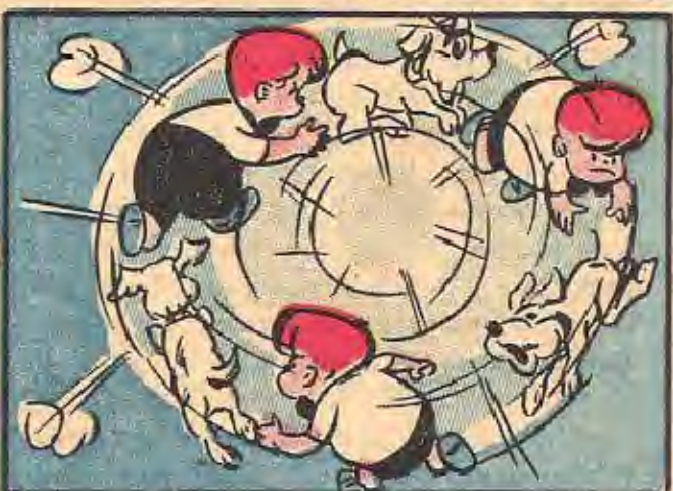
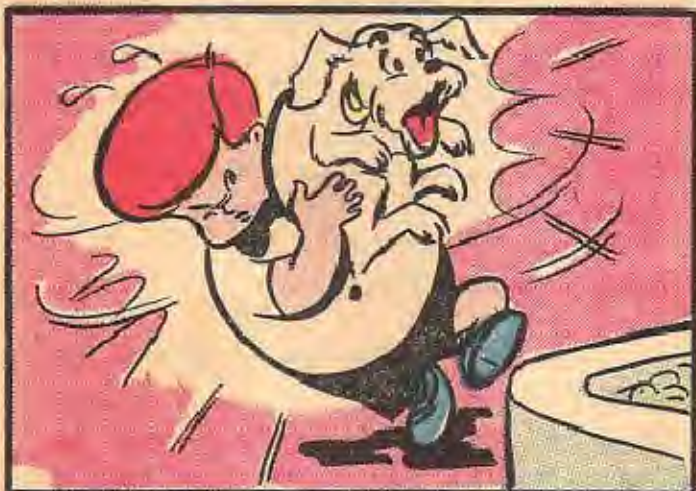
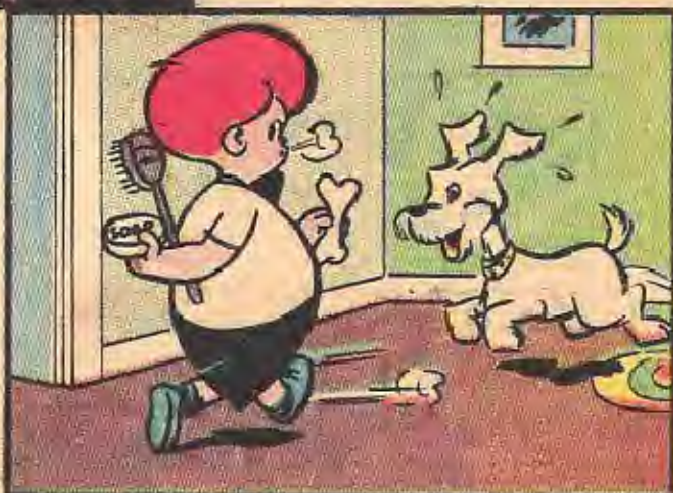
MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?



THE END



# ATOMIC MOUSE





## TWO EASY LESSONS



Oliver Bloodhound was a social outcast. It was humiliating, that's what it was. For centuries his ancestors had carried on the tradition that bloodhounds smelled better than any other living thing. Now the tradition was broken. Oliver not only didn't smell better — he didn't smell at all. In fact, Oliver Bloodhound, descendent of dog detectives galore, had hay fever!

"Even skunks smell better than I do!" Oliver mumbled to himself as he dejectedly turned the pages of a comic magazine. It was a sad thing, this picture of the mighty that had fallen. Then, as if to add insult to injury, he—"AHH-CHOOO!"—sneezed. The blast of breath blew the magazine across the room — where it plopped with a splash into the fish bowl. Oliver looked at it and sighed. He didn't even feel like going after

it. Suddenly, however, he noticed the goldfish that was in the bowl waving excitedly. This caught Oliver's attention — and Oliver lifted one droopy eyelid. It was plain that the fish was either annoyed at this foreign object in his domain—or—"By golly," Oliver managed to mutter, "he's pointing at something in the magazine!"

Sure enough, when Oliver fished the soggy magazine out of the fish bowl, he saw what the little fish was pointing to. It seemed uncanny that this gold plated minnow should have realized what Oliver's plight had been —let alone find a solution to the problem—but then, goldfish aren't as dumb as they look. Ask any goldfish!

"BE A DETECTIVE IN TWO EASY LESSONS!" the ad shouted. There it was, in black and white, and touched up with red. Oliver now lifted the other drooping eyelid. "This is it!" he exclaimed joyously as the deep set wrinkles in his brow unfolded into neat, more shallow rows. Oliver quickly wrote his name and address on the coupon. He then tore it off and mailed it special pigeon delivery. He was beside himself with impatience as he waited for his answer. "Soon I'll be a detective," he'd say as he gazed at himself in the full length mirror. He pinned on his chest the time worn detective badge that had been his father's, and his father's before him.

"Package for Oliver Bloodhound," the mail pigeon announced one bright morning. And as Oliver accepted the neatly wrapped box the pigeon said, "Sign here!" Oliver eyed the pigeon suspiciously. There was no reason to eye the pigeon suspiciously, except that, in his new role of detective he would have to eye everyone and everything with suspicion. Then, too, he'd want to remember this pigeon's face in case he was ever called upon to solve a big mail robbery. "O-kay!" Oliver grunted gruffly. All true detectives

# ATOMIC MOUSE COMICS



grunt gruffly. Now the box was his! He had spent many sleepless nights waiting for this momentous moment. The little sleep he had gotten was very restless. At last he could sleep soundly, he thought as he ripped the covering off his detective course.

"Oboy!" Oliver oboy'd as his sleepy eyes scanned the contents. There was a booklet containing the two, one minute lessons, a real magnifying glass and a fingerprint outfit. This is what he was dreaming about! He'd set a new style of detecting for dogs! No more sniffing in the dust for clues—he'd do it the modern way! Oliver now found a husky pair of handcuffs. He was thrilled with the whole works.

Our hero seated himself in the big easy chair by the fireplace and started to read his two lessons. It was absorbing. Then, two short minutes later he sat up again—revitalized! He was a new dog, this Oliver Bloodhound—and a hungry dog. The strain of the past few days had awakened in him a tremendous appetite. Straight to the ice box he went, his mouth watering at the thoughts of the cold chicken he had placed in there two days before. He set the table neatly, knife, fork, salt, pepper—and a glass for a tall drink of milk. Then, having put the correct edge on his appetite with this ceremony, he marched to the ice box, opened it—and nearly passed out!

"FIENDS! CROOKS! ROBBERS!" our hero bellowed! "I'll call the police! They can't do this to me!" Straight to the telephone he ran and a few seconds later he found himself tell the police captain, "They emptied my ice box, that's what they did!" The policeman listened, then grunted gruffly (policemen grunt gruffly too), "O-kay!" Then he added, "We'll send a detective over right away!" and he hung up. This last statement of the policeman's startled Oliver. "SEND a detective?" he said.

"That's silly! I am a detective—I'll solve this case myself!"

Our hero went right to work. He dusted every square inch of the ice box with talcum powder and lifted the fingerprints off with his special fingerprint outfit. He was happy in his work. He knew that, through his tireless efforts, justice would triumph!

Now, with all the fingerprints collected, he referred to the collection of crooks' fingerprints in the back of the booklet. When he found a set that matched—he'd have his man! As he looked, he noticed he got some of the ink off the fingerprint pad on his hands and that he was messing up the book. He stopped to wipe them off. Back to the book again—and this time with success! "I GOT HIM!" he bellowed!

"Yeah—where?" a voice grunted gruffly. It was the detective from the police station who had just arrived. "Here!" Oliver pointed proudly. "The owner of these fingerprints is the dirty crook who robbed my ice box!" The detective looked and finding no name under the prints, looked again. Then he turned to Oliver, grabbed our hero's own handcuffs—and clamped them on their owner! "What's the big idea?" Oliver asked as he struggled. The detective pointed to the prints in the book and grunted gruffly, "The prints that match are printed in the margin of the book—where you put them yourself!"

Alas, too true. Our Oliver, in his troubled condition, had taken to walking—and eating in his sleep!

"It's a new twist, anyway," the police detective grunted gruffly, "this business of a detective catching himself, but don't worry, you'll learn a lot about police work in the next few years—from the inside!"

THE END

ATOMIC MOUSE COMICS



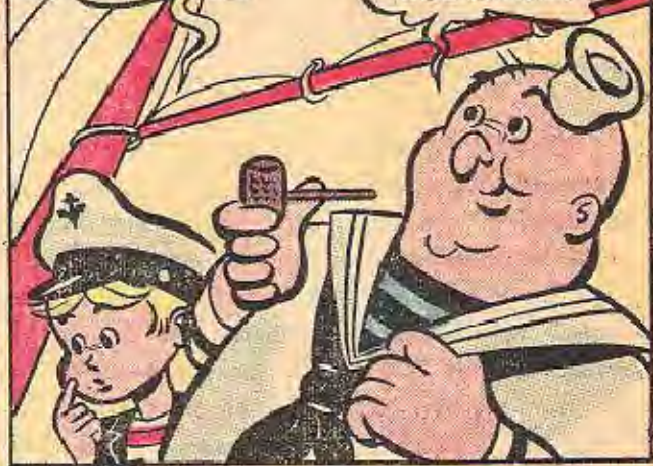
# Atomic Mouse



MANN!  
WE'RE COMING  
INTO PORT.

GOSH! THERE'S AN  
AWFUL LOT OF REEF'S  
IN THE ENTRANCE  
OF THE BAY!

NOTHING TO WORRY  
ABOUT-ME BUCKO!  
I'M AN OLD HAND  
AT DODGIN'  
OBSTIKELS!



ALL YE GOTTA DO, IS RIDE  
THE CREST OF THE WAVES  
AN' IT TAKES YE RIGHT  
OVER THE REEFS INTO  
THE HARBOR-



JUST LIKE I TOLD  
YE-NOT A BUMP!

THAT'S FUNNY-  
THE BOAT  
ISN'T EVEN  
SWAYING  
NOW!



THAT'S BECAUSE THE  
WATER'S VERY SMOOTH  
IN THE HARBOR-WHY,  
I SET THE SHIP DOWN  
SO LIGHTLY-



-THAT IT DON'T FEEL  
LIKE WE'RE IN WATER  
**AT ALL!**

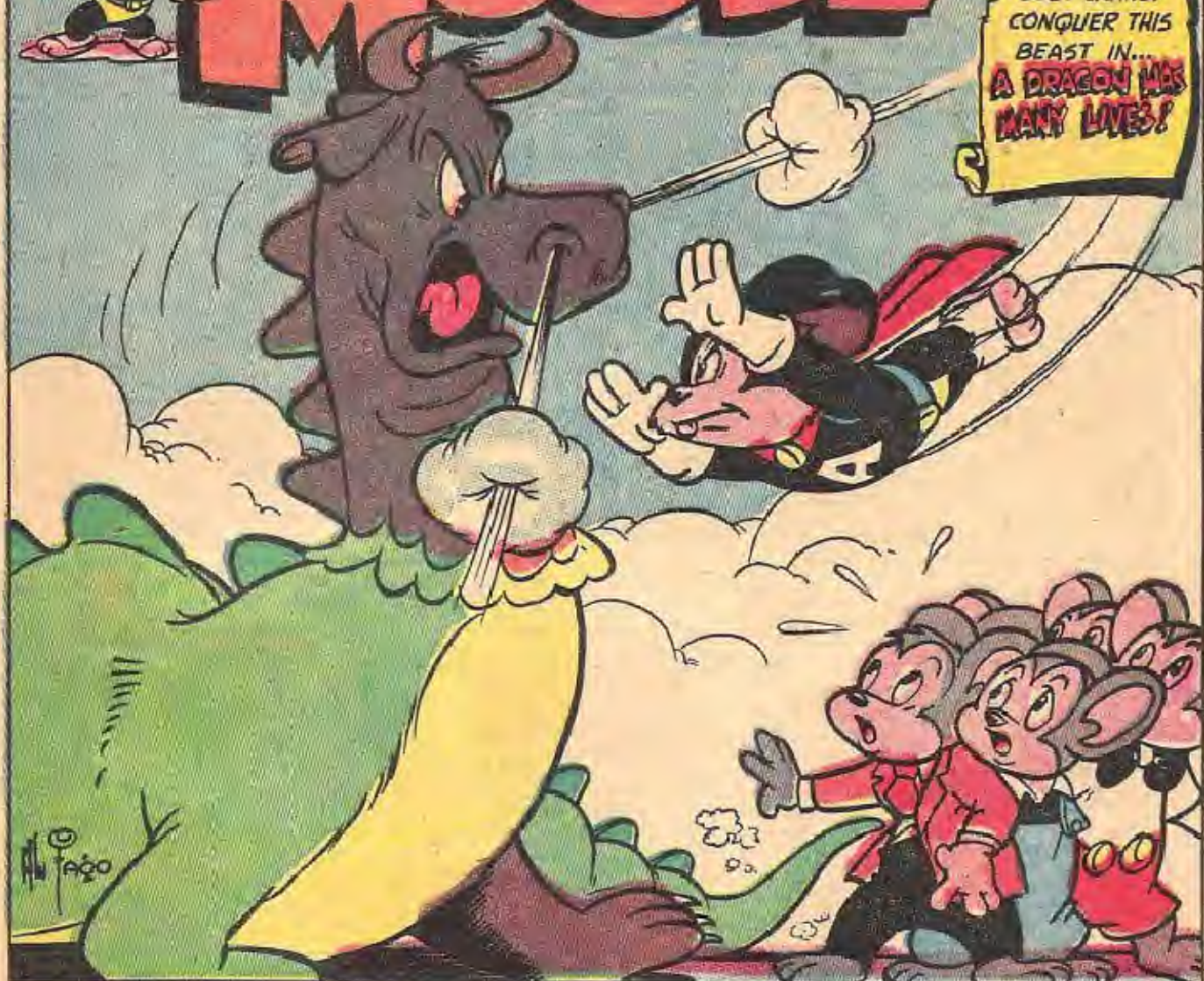




# ATOMIC MOUSE



ALL MOUSEVILLE  
IS THROWN INTO  
PANIC BY A  
GIGANTIC  
DRAGON...  
WE FEAR THAT  
ATOMIC MOUSE'S  
BEST CANNOT  
CONQUER THIS  
BEAST IN...  
**A DRAGON HAS  
MANY LIVES!**





# ATOMIC MOUSE



**W**AS SQUEEKIE JUST DREAMING, OR DID HE REALLY SEE A DRAGON? WELL... WE'RE AFRAID TO SAY IT, BUT HE REALLY DID SEE A DRAGON!





# ATOMIC MOUSE



MEANWHILE BACK AT MOUSEVILLE, COUNT GATTO HAS THINGS HIS OWN WAY. IT LOOKS AS IF ATOMIC MOUSE WILL NEVER BE FOUND...





# ATOMIC MOUSE



YES... WHERE IS ATOMIC MOUSE?? WILL HE RETURN TOO LATE TO THWART COUNT GATTO'S SCHEME?





# ATOMIC MOUSE





# ATOMIC MOUSE





# Atomic Mouse

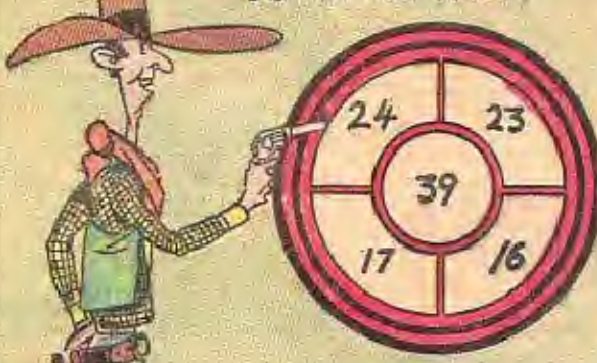
SOLVE THESE



IF YOU CAN

## 1 target practice

LUKE PRACTICING WITH HIS SIX GUNS SCORED EXACTLY 100 ON THIS TARGET



HOW MANY SHOTS DID HE FIRE AND IN WHICH PART DID HE HIT THE TARGET...

## 5 planets

REARRANGE THE LETTERS IN EACH STAR - SO THAT IT SPELLS OUT THE NAME OF A PLANET CORRECTLY...



## 6 riddles

WHAT IS LIKELY TO BECOME THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD AND WHY...

## 2 spelling

CAN YOU SPELL TWO FOUR LETTER WORDS BY USING ALL THE EIGHT LETTERS SHOWN HERE...



A L F  
L — F  
2. —  
E E E

## 4 magic squares

CAN YOU FILL IN THE FOUR EMPTY SQUARES WITH FOUR NUMBERS SO THAT THE FOUR SQUARES BECOME MAGIC SQUARES AND ADD UP IN ALL DIRECTIONS TO 34...

11	9	6	8
5			12
4			13
14	16	3	1

SOLUTION TO PUZZLES  
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN  
TO READ...

DUBLIN  
THE CITY  
IS ALWAYS

2	15		
7	10		

- SIX SHOTS WERE USED
- 2 IN NUMBER 16
- 4 IN NUMBER 17
- 1 LEAF - 2 FEEL
- 1 MARS - 2 VENUS - 3 SATURN
- 4 MERCURY - 5 JUPITER



# ATOMIC MOUSE

## COUNT GATTO

*in*  
**DO STAMPS TAKE A LICKIN'?**





# ATOMIC MOUSE

**OMGOSH!** I PUT THAT RARE STAMP ON THAT ENVELOPE!



I MUST GET IT BACK!



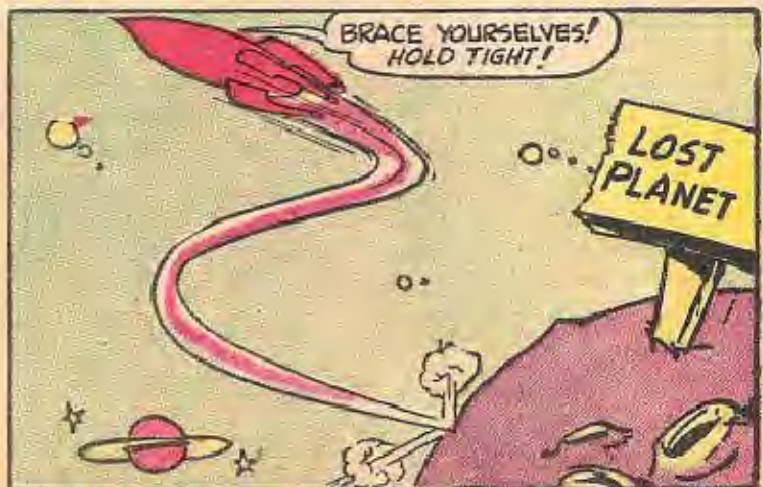
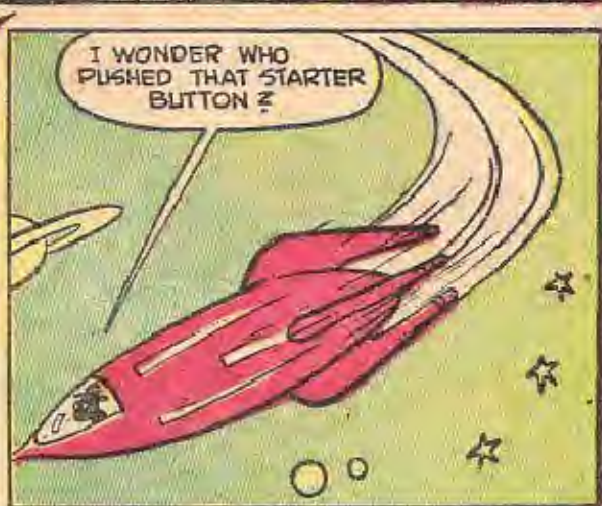
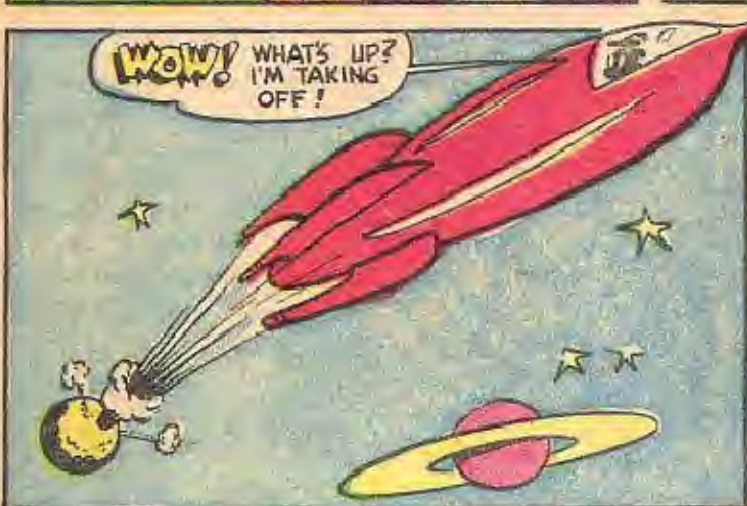
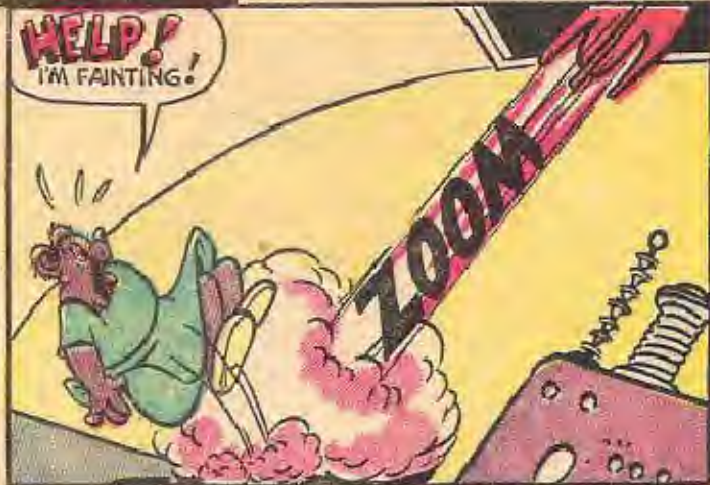


## The PROFESSOR in LOST AND FOUND



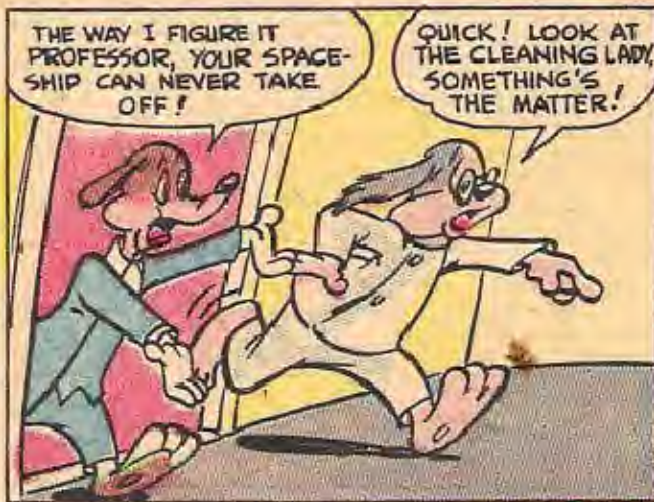


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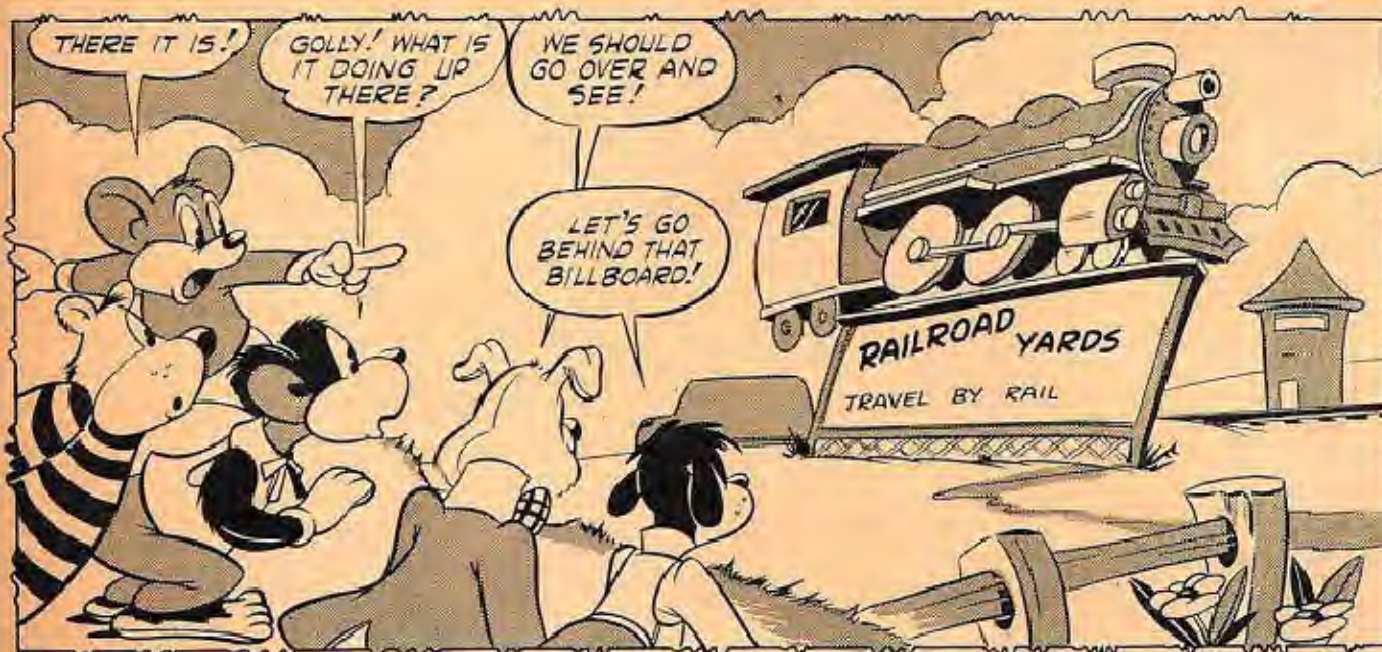




# Atomic Mouse







FOLLOW YOUR FAVORITE HERO "ATOMIC MOUSE"... COMING TO YOUR NEWSSTAND SOON.



ATOMIC MOUSE



PIN-UP  
SERIES  
No 2

**FOUND!** THE GREATEST TREASURE OF ALL!  
A FIRST EDITION OF "ATOMIC MOUSE!"



